

THE CAPTURE OF SHEITAN

"Does he understand English?" asked the viceroy.

"Yes, your Excellency," replied Eden-Powell.

The viceroy gave a slight start at the sound of the voice. It was most assuredly very Englishlike. Powell saw the keen gray eyes fixed upon him with a peculiar intensity of expression. "Your Excellency, this is all a mistake—" began Powell, when "914" interrupted him. "Kape still, ye scut! Answer when ye're spoken to, and kape yer tongue atune yer teeth."

"What are you saying, officer?" queried the viceroy, not hearing plainly.

"He's like a parrot with his English, your Excellency," replied the constable, saluting.

"What's your name?" the viceroy asked.

"I can't give it, your Excellency," replied Eden-Powell hesitatingly.

As he spoke the gray eyes again flashed upon Powell like the rays of a fluorescent lamp. Eden-Powell started—surely the right vice-regal eye had closed in a subdued wink. He had never heard of a viceroy winking; it seemed incompatible with the awful dignity of the office, but that right lid had most certainly drooped. Then Lord Roma spoke again. "Well, never mind your name; we'll get that